22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

June 1903

My Violet

Your letter makes me very unhappy - & I wish to the Lord it hadn't happened - & that I knew you were all right. Ask Mrs Cram to send me a line - don't bother to yourself - for we such a poor lonely old cat hope - Have you anybody respectable to look after you. I feel sure your worse than you say - & I shall probably come down & plant myself outside your door & whine till you let me.

If you are still at Welwyn on
Saturday we might come -
but I expect you had better
stay silent - my poor intimate
you are a luckless NYPL Rake cat.
I will write again - only send
me word somehow -
No photograph even to
cheer me. however I will
have that out in another letter
Take care of yourself
Yr Ivor

Sparrow found this Book in a Catalogue when she got back, & so took it as the leading of God rather late in the day as ends it to be pour initiate. But the Lord might have had a better taste in Weiving! If you have already got your Baths ma, send this back like the woman you are. It is cheapeake. Why do you spend day in Bed? all & I charily know, & dying negroes. Lead a selfish life like Sparrow, who is healthy & happy & bad.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

My Violet,

I only got in at 4:30 & found your letter; so I couldn't come — my poor old Animal — what sorrows to beset the flesh. I will come, I think, some time tomorrow afternoon, as I have nothing to do, & so don't see me for an instant if you had better not, as I expect. It is d-d- all just sick about you. Beatrice was here for 2 hours, & saw Father, which was successful — so was Nelly's visit — but) Can't write a line.

Yr AS.

NYPL

22, Hyde Park Gate,
S.W.

June 19 03 19 03

My Violet.
It is really too brutal that this
should have happened - It makes me
furious. And now you have to
be there in the heat, for 10 blessed
days - my poor woman - I wish
these things would happen to me
& not to you. I could carry on
my existence quite well flat on
my back - but you are a tiger,
& I know you hate it - Only do
take care, & get quite cured.
One of us with some money or Tuesday -
probably the eternal Spanoy. who
inflicts herself all round - but is
always conscious of her peculiarity.
We are inflicting ourselves on Katie today,
which I feel to be rather an
unnecessary thing to do - & Heaven
knows it won't be an easy job - Kitty

& evidently worshipped them - they all sit
in her bedroom at night, & the spend
the whole day talking 'theories' I
suppose with Katie. I know
Alix & Lady Bath & Katie & Beatrice
will all sit round & like the
magnificent aristocrats they are, &
there must be an opening for the
humble writer NY Heart entirely
middle class literary fancy.
However it can't be helped.
I can't express my feelings about queer
Jack - Fate is a brutal sledge hammer,
raising all the people she might knock
on the head, & crashing into the midst
of such tenderness & exquisite
creatures as my Violet. I wish I
could shield you with my strong couple.
I will write & tell you how we
came through this afternoon, which
makes me feel as though I were going
going to a children's party -

Keep quiet & don't thank anyone
but gratefully - unless you like to
term ones in your mind the
tender affection which Spenny
bears for you -

Yr Sp.

June 4th 1903.

My Nolet,

Would Friday 12th do instead of Thursday? If it collides with Katie, or is anyhow else inconvenient I will come on Thursday.

Beatrice is to be taken to Beerbohms on Thursday - which will be an entertainment. We had tea at Manchester Square, with Lady Beth behind the gorgeous tea pot. Nessa tackled her & stopped her whispers (about dysentery in dogs) with another Elderly Countess, & she woke up & peeled with laughter - & asked if we were at last settled in London? Her manners are a treat. Last night we had tickets given us for the Opera & took Beatrice - She only

watch hatching, that poor heartbroken
Creature, to make her heart beat.
We stopped her shrieks, & made
her talk like other people almost—
not like Hypnos — for he or how.
But she is pathetic I feel — grown into
middle aged fast fast womanhood without
any caring for or sympathy. I am sure.
And there was Katie in a box behind
us, like some Justice or Victory with
her calm brows, so majestic & tired. &
more than ever like the Venus in the
Louvre. But as far as I could see,
She didn't look ill — only a little pale —
We had a grim day — only unspeakably
homelessy too, festering — when the
old Quaker sister came again — begged us
not to leave her alone with father,
& then sat down solemnly & talked
about the weather — Father was

bored before the first five minutes were over.
I could hardly sit in his chair. She
saw it. I wanted to cry. I could only
thump her old brain for commonplaces
which were worse than nothing. Finally
She decided to catch an earlier train
I see it isn't safe to stay longer' she
I said. They both rose flash up together
& she finally collapsed in the hall. -
said it had been very nice to see him -
but very agitating - blowing her great
nose louder than ever, & pouring the tears
down her pendulous cheeks. Oh
Lord - we laughed - & let this damned
pathetic - in a small way. I know she
cried all the way home in the hair.
Irene has been lunching with Cram,
lunches there tomorrow too! Take care
before Sir Let loose darags intricity upon
her again. The Bailey are to be
introduced - Madge Vaughan dining
tonight - we had six people to tea —

I wish you were a Kangaroo & had a pouch for small Kangaroos to creep to.

Nothing much changes here -

Are you well - after those horrid Hospital operations?

NYPL

Yr Lpi